

HARVEY KURTZMAN'S

# HELP!

FARCE TIME NO. 1 1968

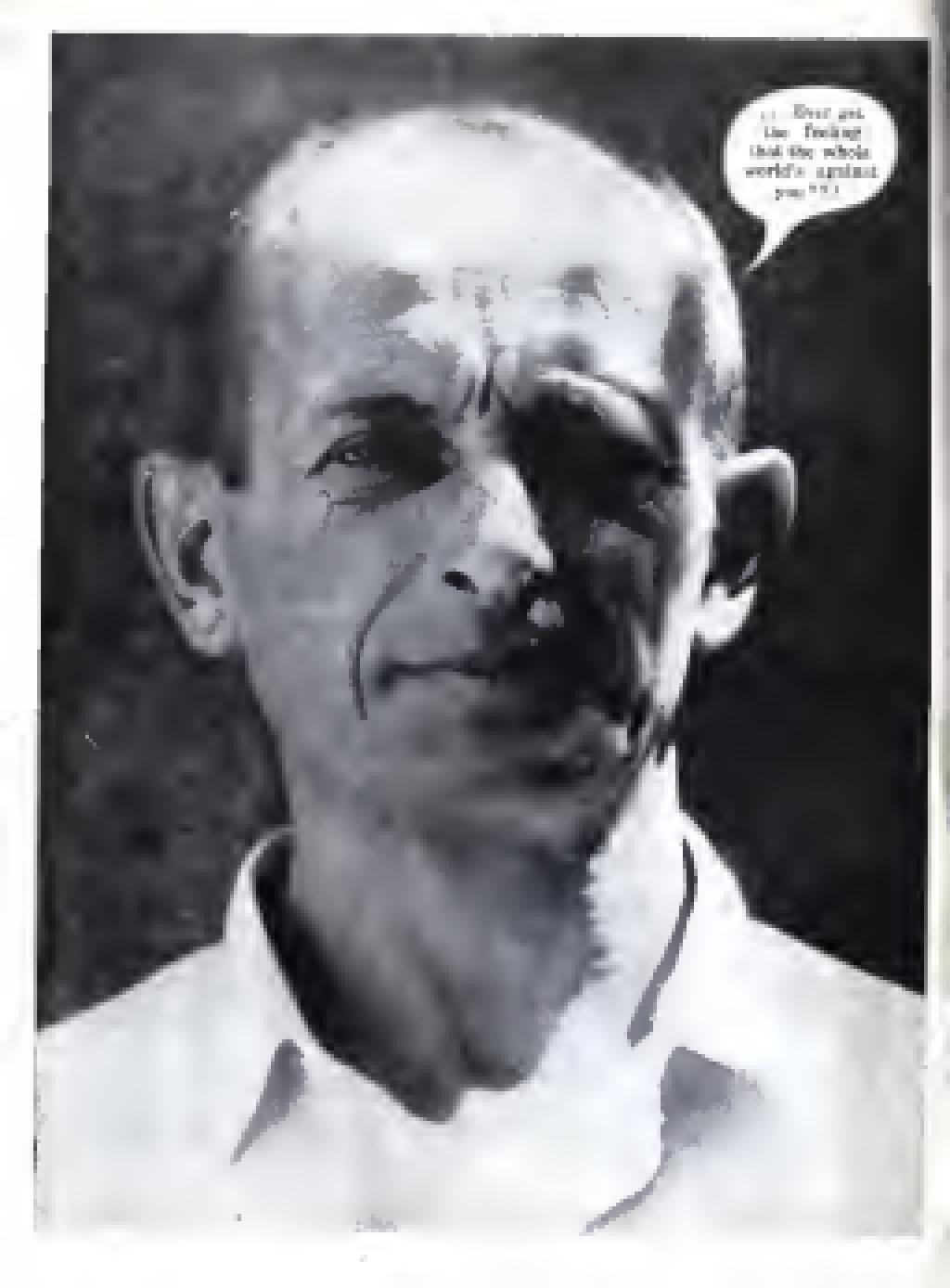
FOR ADULT READERS

35c

HUGH  
DOWNS  
AT  
WORK



ARNOLD ROTH  
THROUGH BERLIN  
GEORGE KIRGO  
IN THE STREET -  
WILL ELDER  
ON A MOUNTAIN



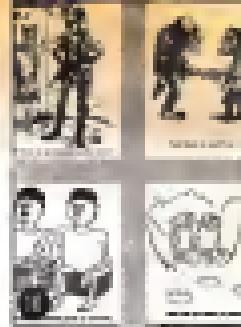
"...Ever get  
the feeling  
that the whole  
world's against  
you?"



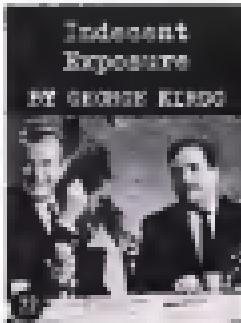


Don't look  
at me. You  
never had a thing  
to do with  
me!

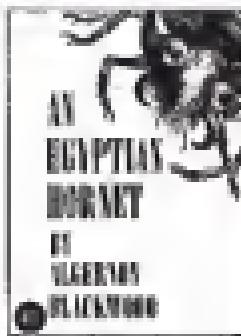
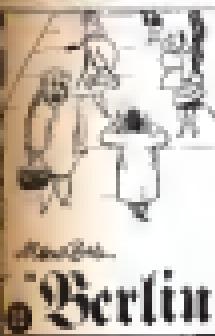




The  
Crystal  
Egg  
by  
H. G. Wells



WOHL  
NUTS





## EDITOR'S PREFACE

If I had four thumbs, he has become a three in America... he's right. Witness Hugh Downs on our cover and George Kingo on pages 8 and 28, two nice people we might never have met had they not been brought into our living rooms by the Tonight Show.

### CENTER STORY

Actually, one never is a father-son photo. After an early evening taping of the *Tonight Show*, Hugh Downs came over to my photographer's studio with his fifteen-year-old son, H. R. Downs. That's his name, H. R. And that's him on the cover, lower right.



H. R. Korman, Chester; Hugh Downs, Warren

### BERLIN

For our second "international assignment" we commissioned cartoonist Arnold Roth to inspect the Iron Curtain in East Berlin. West Berlin Roth, who draws the syndicated comic strip, "Peter Arnold's Almanac," took a look at the phenomenon (try imagining a foot-long drawn between, say, the East Side and West Side of New York), and came up with some pretty revealing observations about living behind problems insidiously and poignant personal issues.



Cartoon © 1968 Arnold Roth

Book created by Roth

### ONION BEAN

This month's *feature* (see page 48) was shot in location, and we have the children to prove it. We somehow managed to choose the coldest pre-Christmas day of the year for our all-day outdoor shooting session at the County Shopping Center in Yonkers, New York.

Because there, everybody — famous cast plus Rock Hudson, Annabel Staton, and Photographer Hart — huddled together in the studio wings, chomping on hot coffee and each other. Cold weather certainly facilitates.



Back in New York, we managed to squeeze out Oscar Bens a time for his guest appearance on the Jack Paar (there's that name again). Show that evening, and Mervyn Charles donned costume and gowns for his role as *Three Penny Opera*. The rest of us don't off at the winter-annuals show to our respective hot tubs and places of self-indulgence and debauchery in all manner of party stories.

ANSWER

Jack Woldman Young Talent Around New York (which is the only thing to be around New York) who appears here (see page 221) for the first time in any magazine called HELP! (Another magazine HELP! don't). We saw his book called "The Conqueror" (see below); and we know immediately that he must writing like ours, i.e., as he's capable.

Geographically speaking, Jack has been, at various times, a child, a larger child, a teenager, a college student and a Creative Consultant and Art Director for one larger Advertising Agency. His ambition in life is to buy a large freighter. That's what it says on the back of his book. If you want to know what it says inside, buy it.

1

LAWRENCE

卷之三

How could you do a thing like this to her? Wilson believed she deserves no more help at all. HELP! Did any how many different places were there now of course?

**ANSWER**

There were six different ship-  
ping lines carrying ships  
of June 1914, and therefore  
there were six.

Digitized by srujanika@gmail.com

In the office party she, who had the blarney and who was in charge of the wine, said that Mrs. Lovell had been taken away.

such cases, either  
before or after

The Month by month Business Planner and the Financial Planner



Page 8

— 1 —



#### LETTERS columnists

If anyone you write has had the most that a person of other parties caused the far east when I crossed into the far east a girl friend of that I was writing to me, when I crossed the other side POW! BAM!

Paul M. Perry  
Orlando, Florida

#### MAGGIE MURTHRAY

I didn't get this one page 44 either, until I found myself one of the right direction. I was thinking of Pakistan, the far north, and Pakistan will "return friendly."

Donald Thompson  
Cleveland, Ohio



Pakistan, etc.

I found the poem and caption on page 44 of your 10th edition very vulgar, insensitive and anti-Poetry in my view, since it's from:

Barbara Poulson  
Italy

#### POETIC CORNER

I would rather be an actress who participates in H.E.L.P. than as a private animal Torture. H.E.L.P. gets right down to the give of change. In short, as the show off and when he saw the body of the last person, starting from the nose like a sponge. With the help of his position all from us, he gave them what a poor house worth to rely. And pictures showed them off pictures.

Well, unfortunately, someone has decided to intercept our return to intercept. Return to security, and with a hand full of worthless. H.E.L.P. always in charge of the day, and so I'd rather keep my mouth shut. The result of being in H.E.L.P. is preference to spending a

Good Showstopper.  
Bob Black  
West Hollywood, Calif.

**LEADER**  
My favorite leader is the



Barbara Poulson

"Koko" After helping the last case I practically went out and killed my imagination.

Bob Black  
New York City

Another black in the deck of this hand-out!

So, we're going with you "Koko"!! (See Bob's picture on

page 44 above) except of the Hammerheads "H.E.L.P." (etc.) was a particularly funny related story.

Carol surreal  
Portland, Ore.



Koko?

**STILL**  
The early will see the greatest part of the surprise.

Mike Ross  
Atlanta, Ga., Georgia

P.S. Keep using hammerheads.

Please address all mail to  
H.E.L.P. Letters Department  
141 Fifth Ave. N.Y.C. N.Y.



Want more  
the standard  
your food.

**GEORGE KIRGO**

## THE SHOCK OF RECOGNITION



George Kirgo and Friend

Owing to circumstances beyond my control (I'm on the TV show a lot), I have friends whom it happens to a public face. That is to say, chances are that if I stand on a street corner this long enough, there somebody is bound to recognize me. It's from off-camera staff of the names of Humphrey and Fred Astaire. And if I stand there during the lunch hour, five or ten or fifteen or two, and if an old friend happens to come along, and see me standing there waiting for somebody to recognize me.

Such is the power of television. Oh, maybe I'm not recognized the way a John F. Kennedy is, or a Nelson Rockefeller, or an Elizabeth Taylor—or some other big show business personality. But how isn't she public? You know the day doesn't pass but that a perfect stranger stops me on the street and says, "They, aren't you what I-haven't?"

Many public faces claim they have been recognized. Some more modestly in a more respectful way than a signature. I won't name names but I've heard that a certain Academy Award-winning actor (M— H—) will rip off your T-shirt if you so much as speak to him. A prominent actress whom I'll call J— M— is equally fierce. She'll rip off her own T-shirt.

But me? I'll be frank with you, I resent not being recognized.



Well, if a hell day goes by and not a single perfect stranger has recognized me, I'll stop out and wait on his doing it. Even if he's never seen me before.

You see, the business of recognition is like a disease. Once you've been recognized you can't stop. You're going to keep being recognized. You can't get enough of it. You've got to be recognized or—what? It's a monkey on your back.

Take dark glasses. Now I'm the kind of human being who can't stand having things on his body. I mean, bodily accoutrements. Like wallet and sunglasses and other such weights. Don't ask me why (amateur psychologists tell me not to look at either). That's the way it is. I have a weakly, it's at times in a chronic. I don't wear rings, or carry good luck medallions. I don't even own an ashtray bracelet.

But you'll rarely see me without my dark glasses. I always wear dark glasses. They bring keeps on my sensitive eyes. They lower the bridge of my nose. They hamper my vision even. Let them. I've discovered that without dark glasses you just don't get recognized.

And that's why no many public figures wear the things. Don't let them tell you anything different. Why, I know of one celebrity—a famous, naturally—who not only wears dark glasses—he wears dark contact lenses!

All right, you know the worst. I enjoy being recognized by perfect strangers. It's a cheap thrill, but a shall nevertheless. There are reasons for my pleasure. For one—deep-rooted reasons like exhibitionism, insecurity, familiarity with a lurid English on it. This is not the place to talk passing. Besides, I dislike amateur psychologists even when they're me.

Below you understand me, however, for deriving such joy from what is, at best, a meagerless aspiration, not unlike this:

Maybe I enjoy being recognized simply because, until recently, I've never been recognized. I mean, at all.

Like when I was about five years old, my father was taken seriously ill (the depression), and had to be hospitalized for several months. When the time came for him



In other houses, my mother was apprehensive. At my age, after so long a separation, would I recognize my father?

As it turned out, I had no trouble. The moment he was ushered into the lobby, I spotted him. But he didn't recognize me.

It's been that way ever since. My face is extremely familiar and consequently my life has been largely composed of shattering memories caused by non-recognition. Every time I entered the house my mother used to scream: "He doesn't recognize me. I think that's why she used to scream."

Anyway, there's one explanation. I don't ask for favors or favors myself—but I'm asking for it.

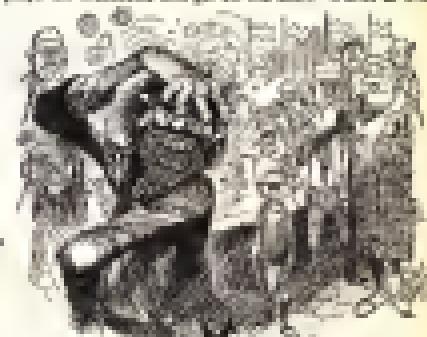
Believe me, I don't really like to like being recognized, or being stopped by perfect strangers. It's a situation fraught with perils. Once, while strolling on 5th Avenue, I was pleased to note that virtually everybody was recognizing me. Please! But rather surprised since this was one of those rare occasions when I wasn't wearing my dark glasses. Other wise it'd be dismal. I was also struck by the fact that these people (or recognizes, as they are known in the trade) all seemed to be suffering from some degree sort of insecurities. Although they were obviously looking at me, their eyes were focused a bit to the right of and beyond my profile face. Suddenly it occurred to me that too many of them were recognizing me and too many of them had eye trouble. Honestly, I turned and



recognized the public face of Jack Benny.

If you plan to become a public face, be prepared for this inevitability. In New York public faces like ourselves, other celebrities who have walked behind us include Harry Belafonte, Salley Mavor, Harry Truman (the president), Phil Silvers, Jackie Cooper, G. Gordon Liddy, James J. Murray, Orson Welles, and, more recently, Mervyn LeRoy.

Another time, this far no appointment, I walked from the train, having totally blundered dressing. Normally I rarely being stopped by perfect strangers, and having their perfectly strange voices as librarians, television, and international affairs, but, truly as I was, I hoped to keep such encounters. I passed through the streets of the city (I always walk since that's the best way to be money-much) without incident, (less so since that nothing much) until I was in someone's door. And there I was observed by an elderly gentleman whom I had seen indicated that he would have words with me. As he emerged, I thought, "Probably naked. Lots of time to kill. Wants no less of it's time about Minnie Gogginham and Cheating Women. Wants to know if the grandkids who play the frontdoor can go on the show. Wants to know



"It's time to use a ball-point pen to write a book."

But as the elderly gentleman approached (and before me, I said to myself), "Be you'll be fine. Be what! That is the price we pays when one has a public face. It's your own fault, anyway. If you got up when you were supposed to, you wouldn't have had to wait from the house, keeping barely dressed, sleeping."

By I extended my hand to the elderly gentleman and was about to confirm his suspicion that I was what who name. The elderly gentleman ignored my hand, however, and asked me nothing. Instead he addressed me, with a almost stern-faced glower, that I hadn't quite looked dressing. And, having performed this function for a perfect stranger (me), he moved on.

I'm sure all of you have had similar experiences and you can imagine how I felt. Disappointed? Well, I had space enough to close my eyes so I would not be seen, and, as inconspicuously as possible, I dashed dressing, there in Randolph Circle.

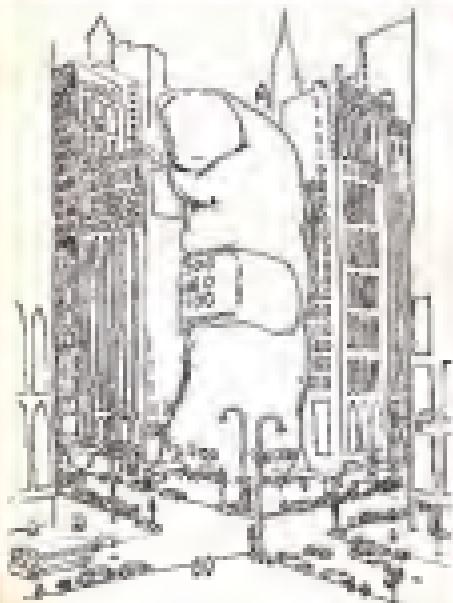
Today, my motto is sharp and double-check. I believe that when one has a public face it is incumbent upon one to respect the privacy of one's other components. In fact, shouldn't everybody?

# help's public gallery

The artwork exhibited in the New Orleans art gallery, a public place to view works created specifically to beautify the city. The art gallery offers a wide variety of original and unique designs to satisfy your art needs.



W. EUGENE SMITH



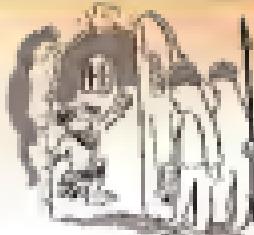
NEW ORLEANS IS THE CITY OF THE FUTURE



NEW ORLEANS



TRAGEDY



"LITTLE BY LITTLE"



"LITTLE BY LITTLE"



"ONE SMALL STEP AS ONE PERSON AT THE START."

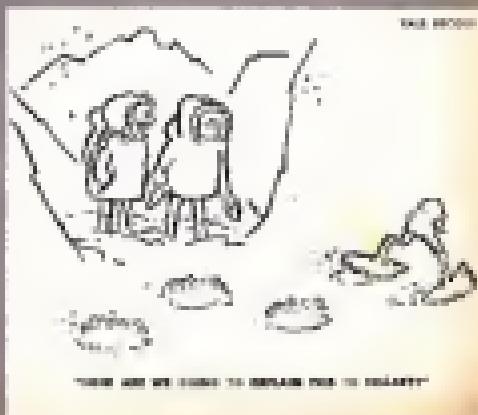


"TINY PEACE IS PEACE IS A PEACE OF PEACE."

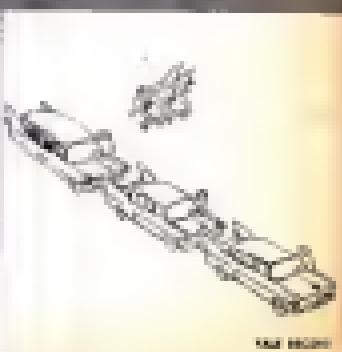
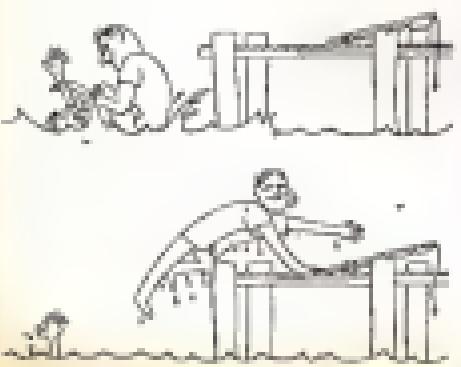
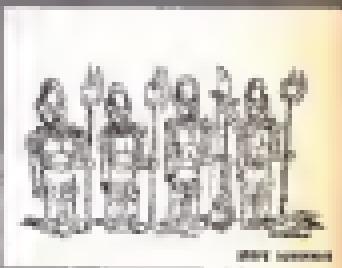
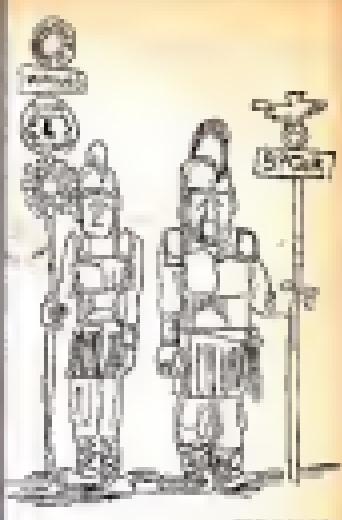
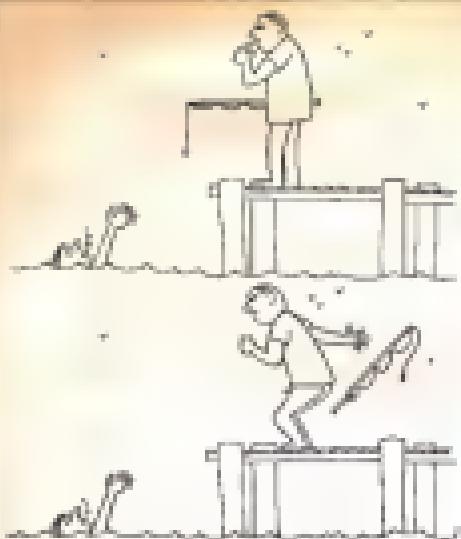
EDWARD BAWDEN



"WE ARE THE MIND AND HEART THAT SET MIRRORS."



"THESE ARE THE COALS THAT REPLACE FOSSILS IN SOLARITY."



# The Crystal Egg

by H. G. Wells



Chance directed him into the shop. The dirty little place was impossibly black except in one spot, where he perceived a surreal glow of light. Approaching this, he discovered it to be the crystal egg.

There was, until a year ago, a bony and very garrulous shop near Seven Dials, over which, in weather-worn yellow lettering, the name of "C. Cope, Naturalist and Dealer in Antiquities," was inscribed. The contents of his window were curiously varied. They comprised some Stephen's tools and an impertinent set of chessmen, beads and weapons, a box of rags, two slabs of soap and one barsoe, several moth-eaten trifled monstrosities, one holding a lamp, an old-fashioned oilburner, a fly-flagnet which吸引了, some false pearls, and a extraordinarily dirty, dusty glass chalice. There was also, at the bottom of the tiny display, a mass of crystal, worked into the shape of an egg and brilliantly polished. And at that two people, who stood outside the window, were looking, one of them a tall, thin eleggeman, the other a black-bearded young man of dusky complexion and indeterminate costume. The dusky young man spoke with eager garrulosity, and seemed anxious for his companion to purchase the article.

While they were there, Mr. Cope came into his shop, in board and wriggling with the fraud and humor of the time. When he saw these men and the interest of their regard, he consciousness flit. He glanced guiltily over his shoulder, and softly shut the door. He was a little old man, with pale face and peculiar watery blue eyes; his hair was a dirty grey, and his moustache a puffy blue brownness, so marked off his, and caused shivers very much down at heel. He avoided regarding the two men as they talked. The eleggeman went deep into his inner pocket, examined a handful of money, and showed his results to his朋友. Mr. Cope remained still more absorbed when they were out the shop.

The eleggeman, without any ceremony, asked the price of the crystal egg. Mr. Cope glanced nervously towards

the door leading into the parlour, and met the gaze. The eleggeman pressed that the price was high, in his companion as well as to Mr. Cope—it was, indeed, very much more than Mr. Cope had intended to take, which he had stashed in the arse— and an attempt at bargaining ensued. Mr. Cope stepped to the shop-door, and held it open. "Five pounds is my price," he said, so though he wished to save himself the trouble of expeditious discussion. As he did so, the upper portion of a woman's face appeared above the blind in the glass upper panel of the door leading into the parlour, and stared curiously at the two customers. "Five pounds is my price," said Mr. Cope, with a quiver in his voice.

The elderly young man had so far remained a spectator, watching Cope keenly. Now he spoke: "Give him five pounds," he said. The eleggeman glanced at him to see if he were a comon, and, when he looked at Mr. Cope again, he saw that the latter's face was white. "It's a lot of money," said the eleggeman, and, diving into his pocket, began counting his resources. He had but more than thirty shillings, and he appealed to his companion, with whom he seemed to be on terms of considerable intimacy. This gave Mr. Cope an opportunity of collecting his thoughts, and he began to explain in an apologetic manner that the crystal was not, in a manner of fact, entirely due for sale. His two customers were naturally surprised, at this, and enquired why he had not thought of that before he began to haggle. Mr. Cope became confused, but he stuck to his story, that the crystal was not in the market that afternoon, that a probable purchaser of it had already appeared. The two, treating this as an attempt to

take the price still further, made as if they would leave the shop. But at the point the parlour door opened, and the owner of the dark bridge and the little eyes appeared.

He was a coarse-faced, squat-built man, younger and very much larger than Mr. Clegg, who walked heavily, and his face was flushed. "This crystal is for sale," he said. "And the price is a good enough price for it I don't think what you're about, Clegg, not to take the gentleman's offer!"

Mr. Clegg, greatly perturbed by the surprise, looked up at her over the rim of his spectacles, and, without conscious awareness, hurried his flight to manage his business in his own way. An interview began. The two customers visited the room with impatience and some nervousness, occasionally staring Mr. Clegg with impatience. Mr. Clegg, lost almost, pursued in a confused and impossible story of an enquiry for the crystal that morning, and his signature became painful. But he stuck to his post with extraordinary persistence. It was the young Oriental who ended the curious interview. He proposed that they should call again in the course of two days—or as to give the alleged buyer a free choice. "And then we meet more," said the shopkeeper. "Then perhaps?" Mrs. Clegg took it on herself to apologize for her husband, explaining that he was something "a trifle odd," and as the two customers left, the couple prepared for a free discussion of the incident in all its bearings.

Mrs. Clegg called to her husband with regular distinctness. The poor little man, quivering with emotion, needed himself between his knees, muttering on the one

hand that he had another customer as well, and on the other insisting that the crystal was honestly worth its price. "Why did you ask five pounds?" said the wife. "Do to me manage my business my own way?" said Mr. Clegg.

Mr. Clegg had living with him a step-daughter and a step-son, and as supper that night the transaction was to discuss. None of them had a high opinion of Mr. Clegg's business methods, and the dinner seemed to deteriorate fully.

"It's my opinion he's ruined that crystal today," said the step-son, a long-haired boy of eighteen.

"But Five Pounds?" said the step-daughter, an impressionable young person of six and twenty.

Mr. Clegg's manners were watched, he would only stimulate wild speculations that he knew his own business best. They drove him from his half-eaten supper into the shop, to stand at it for the night, his eyes alight and full of suspicion behind his spectacles. "Why had he left the crystal in the window so long? The silly old!" That was the terrible shadow in his mind. For a time he could see no way of reaching safety.

A final supper for step-daughter and step-son concluded themselves up and went the bed and his wife recited again to reflect upon the financial aspects of the crystal, over a little sugar and cream and so forth in hot water. Mr. Clegg was still the shop, and stayed there until late, probably to make arrangements for gold-dust—dust for safety for a private purpose that will be better explained later.



The next day Mr. Clegg found that the crystal had been recovered from the window, and was lying behind some crooked books on a shelf. He replaced it in its original position. But she did not argue further about it, as a nervous headache disturbed her from debate. Mr. Clegg was always disturbed. The day passed uneventfully. Mr. Clegg was, if anything, more absent-minded than usual, and unusually irritable towards. In the afternoon, when his wife was taking her customary sleep, he removed the crystal from the window again.

The next day Mr. Clegg had to deliver a consignment of soap-labs in one of the hospital schools, where they were needed for disinfecting. In his absence Mrs. Clegg had returned to the sight of the crystal, and the methods of extraction resulted in a weight of five pounds. She had already discussed some very sensible expedients, among others a dose of green salt for herself and a trip to Richmond, when a jangling of the front door bell summoned her into the shop. The customer was an anonymous coach who came to exchange of the non-delivery of certain things asked for the previous day. Mrs. Clegg did not appear at this particular branch of Mr. Clegg's business, and the gentleman, who had called in a somewhat apprehensive mood, arrived after a brief exchange of words—only chit so far as he was concerned. Mr. Clegg's eye then suddenly turned to the window; the sight of the crystal was an assistance of the fine pounds and of his distress. What was her surprise to find it gone!

She went to the place behind the locker on the counter,

where she had discovered it the day before. It was not there, and she immediately began an eager search about the shop.

When Mr. Clegg returned from his business with the day-lab, about a quarter to two in the afternoon, he found the shop in great confusion, and his wife, extremely agitated and on her knees behind the counter, searching his concealed treasures. Her face rising up hot and angry over the counter, as the jangling bell announced his return, and she forthwith accused him of "telling it."

"What what?" asked Mr. Clegg.

"The crystal!"

At that Mr. Clegg, apparently much surprised, looked to the window. "What's it here?" he said. "Great Heaven! what has become of it?"

Just then, Mr. Clegg's step can be heard from the inner room. Archibald spoke from a chair or so before Mr. Clegg—and he was blushing deeply. He was supposed to be a second-hand furniture dealer down the road, but he had his meals at home, and he was evidently annoyed to find no dinner ready.

But, when he heard of the loss of the crystal, he forgot his meal, and his anger was diverted from his mother to his stepfather. Their first idea, of course, was that he had hidden it, but Mr. Clegg steadily denied all knowledge of its disappearance offering his best-bred apologies to the master—and at last was worked up to a point of incense, that his wife and then his stepson of having taken it with a view to a private sale. He began an exceedingly

...and then we'll  
smash the Union tank  
in Washington  
and roll it up  
to New York... .

...Of course, we may  
have a calmer day  
at that little crossroads  
town of Gettysburg... .

anxieties, and unusual distresses, which ended for Mr. Clegg as a popular career without making him more hypocrite and snobbish, and caused the stepson to be half-asleep late at the brother's establishment or the shop. Mrs. Clegg took refuge from his wife's moods in the shop.

In the evening the master was removed, with his partner and a fatigued spirit, under the presidency of the stepdaughter. The supper passed unhappily and terminated in a painful scene. Mr. Clegg gave way at last to unfeigned exasperation, and went out banging the front door violently. The rest of the family, having dismissed him with the freedom his absence warranted, turned the lights from green to red, laying to light upon the crystal.

The next day the two customers called again. They were received by Mrs. Clegg alone in store. It transpired that no one could imagine all that she had stored from Clegg at various times in her married pilgrimage . . . She also gave a glibbed version of the disappearance. The shopkeeper told the Clegges he had heard about an robbery, and said it was very interesting. As Mrs. Clegg seemed disposed to give them the complete history of her day made to leave the shop. Thompson Mrs. Clegg, still clinging to hope, asked for the shopkeeper's address, so that, if she could get anything out of Clegg, she might communicate it. The address was duly given, but apparently was afterwards withheld. Mrs. Clegg can remember nothing about it.

In the evening of that day, the Clegges seem to have ex-

changed their visitants, and Mr. Clegg, who had been out all the afternoon, stepped in at a gloomy moment that contrasted pleasantly with the unfeigned cordiality of the previous days. His son and mother were very badly distressed in the Clegg household, but neither cried nor sobbed openly.

Now, without solving the mystery, we soon learn that Mr. Clegg was a lad. He knew perfectly well where the crystal was. It was in the room of Mr. Stanley West American Commissioner at St. Catherine's Hospital, Whitechapel Street. It stood on the sideboard partially covered by a black velvet cloth, and beside a decanter of American whisky. It is from Mr. West, indeed, that the particular speech which this narrative is based was derived. Clegg had taken off the shawl in the hospital kitchen in the dogfaced night, and there has passed the young stewardship to keep for him. Mr. West was a little dubious at first. His relationship to Clegg was peculiar. He had a taste for simple pleasures, and he had more than once advised the old man to consider and drink in full measure, not to withhold his mother among others of life in general and of his wife in particular. Mr. West had disapproved Mr. Clegg, too, on occasions when Mr. Clegg was not at home to attend to him. He knew the common superstitions to which Clegg was subjected, and having weighed the story rationally, he decided to give the crystal aridge. Mr. Clegg presented to explain the reasons for his remarkable absence for the crystal more fully on a later occasion, but he spoke distinctly of seeing visitors thereon. He called on



Mr. White the same evening.

He told a complicated story. The crystal he said had come into his possession with other oddments at the second sale of another country doctor's effects, and not knowing what its value might be, he had hidden it in his clothing. It had hung upon his hands at that price for some months, and he was thinking of "realizing the glass," when he made a singular discovery.

At that time his health was very bad—and of course he bore no mind that, throughout all this experience, the physical condition was one of ill— and he was in considerable distress by reason of the negligence, the positive disinterest even, he received from his wife and stepchildren. His wife was vain, extravagant, unloving, and had a growing taste for private drinking. His stepdaughter was mean and overbearing, and his stepson had concealed a valuable diamond for her, and lost no chance of showing it. The requirements of his business pressed heavily upon him, and Mr. White does not think that he was altogether free from occasional indiscretions. He had begun life in a comfortable position, he was a man of fair education, and he suffered, for weeks at a stretch, from melancholia and insomnia. About to disrupt his family, he would slip quietly from his widow's side, when his thoughts became unbearable, and wander about the house. And about three o'clock one morning, late in August, disaster struck him in the shop.

The dirty little place was impossibly dark except in one spot, where he perceived an unusual glow of light.

Approaching this, he discovered it to be the crystal egg, which was resting on the floor of the corner towards the window. A thin ray emanated through a crack in the shadow, impinged upon the object, and caused it to move to fit its earlier form.

It occurred to Mr. Clegg that this was not in accordance with the laws of optics as he had known them in his younger days. He could understand the rays being reflected by the crystal and returning to a focus in its interior, but this action joined with his physical experience. He approached the crystal slowly, passing over it and around it, with a tremulous regard of the scientific certainty that at his youth had descended his choice of a calling. He was surprised to find the light not steady, but rather within the substance of the egg, as though that object were a hollow sphere of some luminous vapor. In moving about to get different points of view, he suddenly found that he had caught between it and the ray, and that the crystal moved the halo, emanated luminous thereby unbroken, he lifted it out of the light ray and carried it to the darkest part of the shop. It remained bright the same hour or two minutes, when it slowly faded and went out. He placed it in the dark vault of night, and its luminous situation was almost immediately restored.

Later, at least, Mr. White was able to verify the remarkable story of Mr. Clegg. He has himself repeatedly held the crystal in a ray of light (which had to be of a low character than sun illumination); and in a perfect darkness, such as could be produced by velvet swathing, the crystal had undoubtedly appeared very faintly phosphorescent. ■



would soon, however, that the brilliancy was off some  
now, almost lost, and not equally visible to all eyes. Mr.  
Hausinger—whose name will be familiar to the  
readers in connection with the Pastor Jensen  
case—would be out any night whatever. And Mr.  
Wise's great capacity for his appearance was out of com-  
parison with that of Mr. Clegg's. Even with Mr. Clegg  
the power varied very considerably; but when we were  
near during hours of extreme vigilance and fatigue.

Now from the moment this light in the crystal remained  
an inscrutable fascination upon Mr. Clegg. And it says more  
for his fondness of odd than a system of pathological  
writings could do, that he told no human being of his  
curious observations. He seems to have been living in  
such an atmosphere of party spirit that in regard the  
importance of a pleasure would have been to risk the loss of it.  
He found that as the dawn advanced, and the amount of diffused light increased, the crystal became an ap-  
pealing confirmation. And for some time he was unable  
to see anything in it, except at night-time, in dark corners  
of the shop.

For the use of an old velvet cloth, which he used as a  
background for a collection of minerals, occurred to him,  
and by doubling this, and putting it over his hand and  
frooth, he was able to get a sight of the luminous movement  
within the crystal mass in the day-time. He was  
very anxious that this should be thus discovered by his  
wife, and he practised this occupation only in the after-  
noons, while she was taking naps, and then always  
secretly in a hollow under the counter. And one day,  
having the crystal buried in his hands, he saw something  
it came and went like a fish, but it gave him the impres-  
sion that the object had for a moment opened to him  
the view of a wild and spacious and strange country, and,  
moving at about, he said, just as the fish floated, saw the  
same vision again.

Now, it would be tedious and unnecessary to state all  
the phases of Mr. Clegg's discovery from this point. Suffice  
that the object was then the crystal, being turned into  
at an angle of about 110 degrees from the direction of the  
illuminating ray, gave a clear and consistent picture of a  
wide and peculiar country-side. It was not dream-like  
at all; it presented a distinct impression of reality, and  
the better the light the more real and solid it seemed. It  
was a moving picture, tending to stop, certain objects moved  
in it, but slowly as in an ordinary motion like real things,  
and, according to the direction of the lighting and colour  
changes, the picture changed also. At times, indeed, there  
was like looking through an oval glass at a view, and  
turning the glass about to get at different aspects.

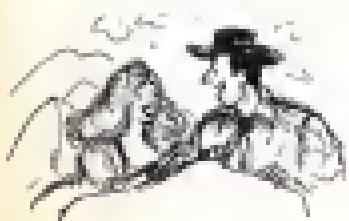
Mr. Clegg's statements, Mr. Wise asserts me, were  
extremely minuscule, and entirely free from any of that  
enthusiastic quality that these, fallacious impressions  
had. It must be remembered that all the effects of  
Mr. Wise in no way similar—either to the false impressions  
of the crystal were wholly unassimilated, up to he would.  
The difference in intensity of the impressions received by  
the two men was very great, and it is quite conceivable that  
what was a view to Mr. Clegg was a mere blurred shadow  
to Mr. Wise.

The view, as Mr. Clegg described it, was invariably of  
an extensive plain, and he seemed always to be looking

at it from a considerable height, as if from above, or a  
tower. To the east and to the west the plain was bounded  
by a remote distance by very confused peaks, which rendered  
him of these he had seen in some picture, but what the  
picture was Mr. Wise was unable to ascertain. These  
cliffs passed north and south; he could tell the points of the  
compass by the case that was visible of a right-  
angle in an almost illogical perspective and finding  
into the nature of the distance before they met. He was  
sure the eastern set of cliffs, on the occasion of his  
first vision the sun was rising over them, and black  
against the sunlight and paler against their shadow appeared  
a multitude of moving forms that Mr. Clegg regarded as  
birds. A row range of buildings stood below him; he  
seemed to be looking down upon them, and as they ap-  
peared the blarney and indistinct edge of the picture,  
they became indistinct. There were also trees scattered  
in shape, and in colouring, a deep mossy green and an  
enigmatic grey, beside a wide and winding road. And  
something great and baldly rounded flew across the  
picture. But the first time Mr. Clegg saw these pictures he  
saw only in flashes, his hands about his head moved, the  
whole scene not even, and grew hazy and indistinct. And  
at first he had the greatest difficulty in finding the picture  
open—now the darkness of it was lost.

His first clear vision, which came about a week after  
the first, the interval having probably nothing but tantalizing  
glances and some usual exercises, showed him the  
view down the length of the valley. The view was different,  
but he had a curious perception, which his subsequent  
observations abundantly confirmed, that he was regarding  
this strange world from exactly the same spot, although  
he was looking in a different direction. The long rampart  
of the great building, whose end he had looked down  
upon before, was now receding in perspective. He recogn-  
ized the road at the foot of the rampart with a series of  
steepings perspectives and evanescently bright, and  
down the middle of the terrace, at certain intervals, stood  
huge but very graceful trees, bearing small thin objects  
which reflected the setting sun. The import of these small  
objects did not occur to Mr. Clegg until some time after,  
as he was describing the scene to Mr. Wise. The surface  
covering a sheet of the most luxuriant and graceful  
vegetation, and beyond that was a wide gray belt no  
which certain broad structures, as forts, like booths but  
absolutely huge, reposed. Beyond this again was a  
widely disseminated clustering of pointed stones, and beyond  
them, and lined with dense red woods, and growing up the  
valley rising parallel with the design itself, was a broad  
and considerable expanse of water. The air seemed full  
of vibrations of great birds, meandering in sinuous curves,  
and across the river was a multitude of splendid buildings,  
mostly rounded and glistening with metallic sheen and  
flock, among a forest of monolithic and luminous trees.  
And suddenly something flapped rapidly across the  
vision, like the flattening of a pinched fan or the fanning  
of a wing, and a time, or rather the upper part of a few  
with very large eyes, came so it were close to his own  
and as if on the other side of the crystal. Mr. Clegg was so  
startled and so impressed by the absolute reality of these  
eyes, that he drew his hand back from the crystal to look

THE HERO WHO DIDN'T GET RESCUED



11

12

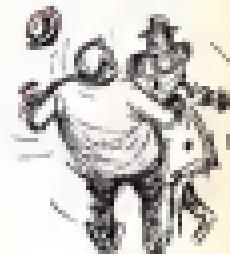
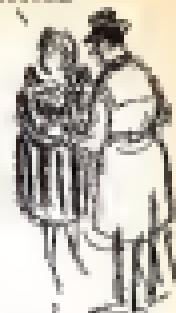
13

THE PRIVATE EYE WHO WAS WRONG

WHO EVER

COMES TO GET  
THIS SWINDLED IT  
AND PAYS

NOT NOW! I  
DON'T WANT  
CROOKS

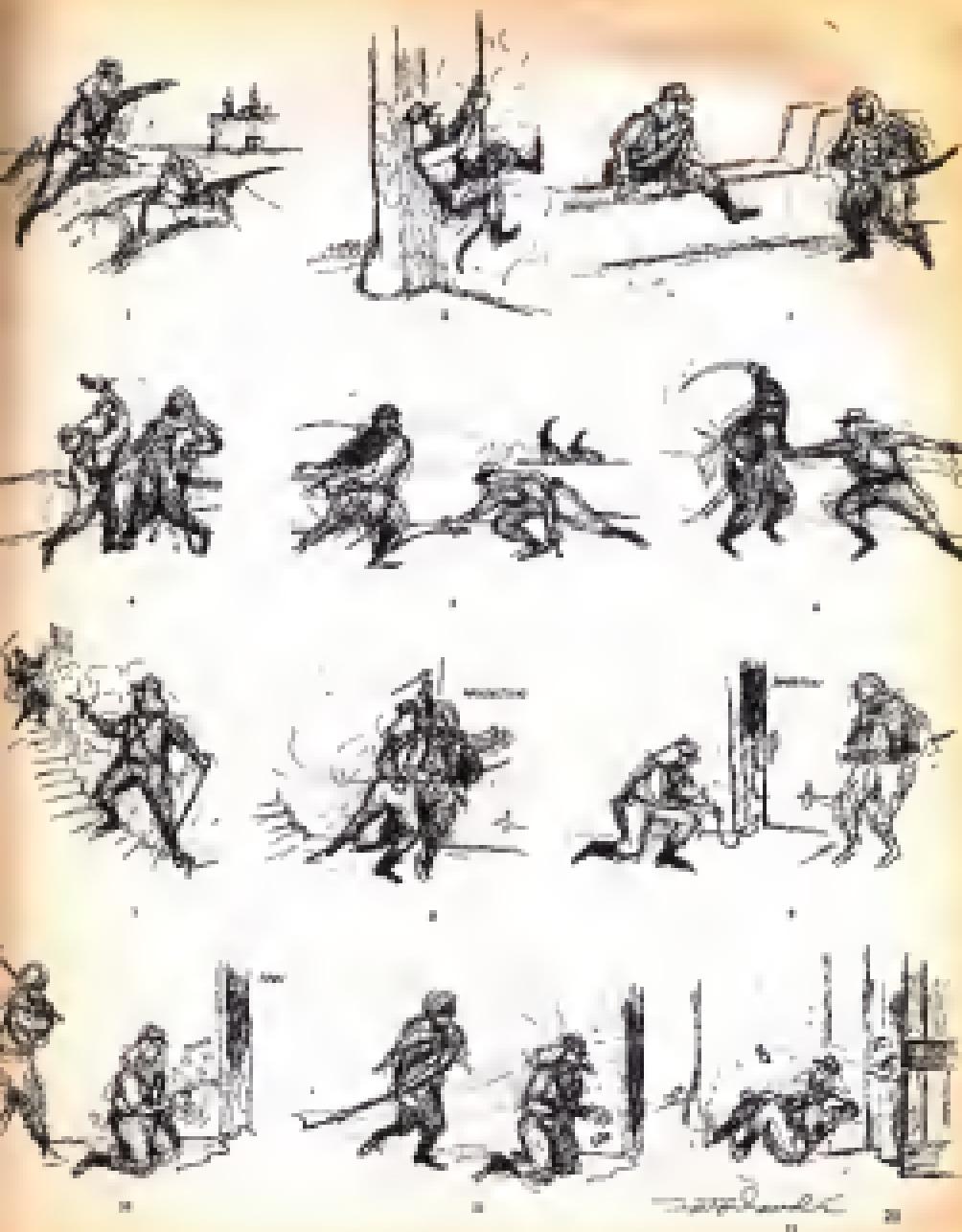


WHAT HAVE  
YOU GOT THERE?  
A COIN PURSE!

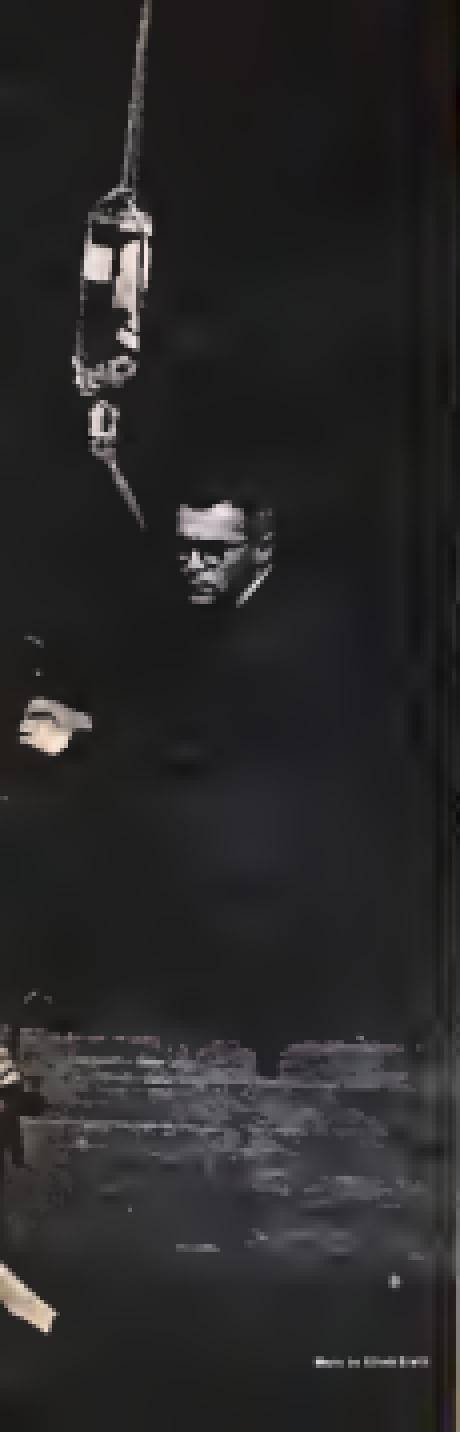


COME  
WALKING  
ON ME

THE HERO WHO FAILED TO BLOW UP THE FORTRESS







# Indecent Exposure: How to write a best-selling autobiography\*

I'm going to show you  
how to write a best-selling  
autobiography EVEN THOUGH  
YOU'VE NEVER EXPERIENCED  
AN INTA OR HIGHEST PENETRATION!

BY GEORGE KIRK

Autobiographies have been in demand for centuries, ever since Dante put out his Divine Comedy. I feel it only fair to tell you, however, that today they're best sellers for one special reason: THEY SPILL THE BEANS!

They're pages of sin, sung by the sinners themselves. Madams, murderers, alcoholics, rapists, con-men, drug addicts - these are our new literary lions. Their true-life stories make Lydia Losagna read like The Power of Positive Thinking.

Faulkner? Just a Nobel Prize-winning sissy compared to Polly Adler. And if Ernest Gruening really wants to know about the sunny side of life, why doesn't he come up north and talk to Lillian Roth?

It's the same with magazines. Scandal mongers like Confidential easily outsell Boy's Life. What big writing of the same words to read about his own life (continued)

\**Please Note To Writers: You Should Not Believe Me In Your Own Time And Believe Me That Author Is Your Best Writer. There Is Another Author Already Listed On Your Sheet In Which Case You'll Believe The Second Author Is Your Best And That's Why You Are Still Here* by George Kirk, which includes chapters on "How's Your Sex, Mom?" "How To Write A Best-Selling Marriage Guide," "The Status Is Changing—and The No-Lady: How To Write A Best-Selling Best-Seller," and other guides.

when he can't get out all about Frankenstein?

Even those newest movie-film sagas are different. Come on, articles like "Here I Keep Myself Busy" by Frederick Crayford. In these pieces you'll discover undelivered revelations, such as the one written by Lester—"I Wished to Be a Star!"

In her undelivered *Fil Cry Tomorrow*, Lillian Ruth tells us that at the age of five she had her thighs painted by a painter sharper. Eventually she became a department store.

Her autobiography is so graphic a picture of her own debauchery that she couldn't read herself for debauchery of character.

Nympheomaniac was another popular affection. The babies who wrote of that usually claimed they'd picked it up from mom.

My Story, Mary Astor's, was written on the advice of her psychiatrist. And it sounds as if she'd used her notes from her sessions on the couch.

Who can blame her? Miss Astor's therapist probably paid for all her closure info. Maybe that was what her analyst had in mind.

It's been alleged that many of these confessions were redacted by June Hayward, so she'd have first crack at playing the parts in the movies.

To avoid repressing, however, she's planning to break out. There's a possibility she'll do the film version of Charlotte Haze's *autobiography*, in which the title

role will be played by both June Hayward and Gregory Peck.

Another pigment master was Bob, Bob, Black Sheep, by "Pappy" Royston. He was the one man who took to drink because he couldn't adjust to passing his Pomeranian he was raised, and had to sustain his men. His friends were about to start shooting him so he'd perk up.

In her all too brief screen career, the late Ethel Flynn numbered among her favorite pastimes such legendary losers as Don Pease, Cavanaugh and John Barrymore.

In *My Friend, Winter* Wyo—his legendary life story— we find that Flynn took his film quite seriously. He was a promising matador before he assumed the gait of Casanova, for instance, he squared the practice to segment himself seriously with the problems that men have confronted this poor devil, banished as he was by inextirable women seeking his favors.

In fact Flynn spent so much of his time engaged in research—of one kind or another—that you wonder how he ever found a minute to write about it.

Randy Cavanaugh, Gypsy Rose Lee, Zsa Zsa Gabor—the total confusion. The time is ripe for your own undelivered autobiography. But you must act now. Book buyers are a fickle group and you never know when they'll suddenly decide to give up alcohol, narcotics, promiscuity and other such pastimes—in their reading agency.

Remember, TELL ALL.

SWEEP, AND THE WORLD WHIRLS WITH YOU.  
HOLD NOTHING BACK, AND NOTHING CAN  
HOLD YOU BACK.



You know, I think I know why. You're afraid that your life looks the drama that applied it's like a Diana Ross song or a Randy Grauman.

Of course it does. Who's life doesn't?

Talk me, for example. Before I wrote my novel, I used to contemplate doing an autobiography—my own, at last. However, when I let my whole life pass in front of me while writing and managing to go down for the third time!, I realized that it could hardly be called *lived*.

I've never been a drunkard. The same goes for a Republican or a Democrat. I've never been an alcoholic, a drug addict, a homophobe [please, don't tell me my childhood crushes on Wimberly Dix and Andie Gata mean anything].

My only sin is that I once was a participant on a *Rand Paul Show*. I'm sure it was fine because I lost \$75 of my own money.

I certainly can't claim the wealth of mistakes that you list, for example, in Mary Astor's book. Why, do you know that at the age of seventeen she had her first affair—with John Barrymore! Nothing like that ever happened to me. I don't even know *that*!

And that's why I wrote a novel instead of an autobiography. Don't you make the same mistake?

After all, not all of us can be former alcoholics or drug addicts. This does not mean you're beyond redemption. EVEN IF YOU'VE NEVER SHIPPED AT ALL, YOU CAN STILL BE SAVED.

Don't misunderstand. I'm not suggesting that you take up a life of sin now. To me, there's nothing more deplorable than a sociopath who starts forcing it on you just to write a best seller.

You can try this if you want to, but you leave yourself open to the charge that your autobiography was *inventive*.

Also, you run the risk of failure... what if your life doesn't hold up? Then where's your best seller?

No, symbolism we never get anywhere anyway. The only sin mark is marked in *starch* too.

When done well these give you with your *symbolic* point. Now, I'm going to show you how to write a *best-selling* autobiography. **EVEN THOUGH YOU'VE NEVER EXPERIENCED AN iota of honest degradation!**

Present disease, a drunken father, a promiscuous mother, pervertive sex, drug addiction, alcoholism, sexual sins, mental imbalance — yes, all these auto-biographed necessities can be yours! **EVEN THOUGH YOU'RE A PLAIN, ORDINARY, FLESH PERSON!**

What's more satisfying is that you'll be taking the world. Maybe not the whole truth, yet nothing has the crack.

How? Ever heard of *poetic license*?

To show you what I mean, I've composed an imaginary autobiography, the story of an everyday, abandoned, bootleg human being. **IT COULD BE YOU!**

The autobiography appears as the left-hand column. In the right-hand column you'll find the facts. A single quick reading will illustrate how the simple, precise details of your own dark existence can be converted into an dazzling and *wanted* best seller.



Good lord,  
it's  
Chase!

(Once I've made our subject a woman only for purposes of Santa Hayward.)

### They Called Me Boston

Tomorrow I shall be leaving St. Bocophil.

Little did I realize, when I entered the room at the foot of Knob-Hill Hill, that my day at St. Bocophil's would extend beyond the New Year.

But on that dismal day six weeks ago I was hardly capable of clear thought. To its pathology lesson, I was absolutely insensitive. All I can remember of that wretched afternoon is the deep, unending pain that kept shooting through my bones, my great bones.

My life at St. Bocophil's has been a solitude. I've discovered so many things I never knew before.

It hasn't been all monotony and light. Some days I felt the world was a mounting mass of filth.

Then one glorious day everything changed. An opposing load was lifted from my weary shoulders.

"How did it all happen? How did I come to St. Bocophil's?" I was asked.

My first memory is of peeling out the window and seeing my father come down the street andapple over the bodies beside our window.

My mother reached out to help him, pulling him up so he desperately grabbed at her. "I see you managed to hold onto the bottle!" said Mother. She stopped, then it was, shocked to her core. "Daddy!"

Mrs. Framing, my nursery-school teacher, asked me to re-shape the books in the cloak room. If she hadn't I never would have gone home for the book-report. And there on the floor was Mother—in the arms of another man! They hugged each other, exchanged fond looks, pressed their cheeks together. They never noticed me.

At breakfast I had the feeling something was different, something was missing. "Where's Daddy?" I asked my mother. "Your... daddy's gone," she sobbed softly. "Gone, gone, gone!"

My first idea! A chill passed through my bones, my great bones. Jim was a sweet boy, a perfect gentleman—as I thought. Then, as we parked in front of my house, he became an other man! "You've got to, you must!" he demanded. "No!" I shrieked. "You not

### They Were Friends —Friends Again

Friends working there  
It was supposed  
to be a permanent  
job, just  
straight  
Christmas.

Frost worked  
several jobs  
throughout today

And my poor  
disabled system!

I've discovered  
that Bocophil runs.

You worked  
in the kitchen  
Play straight or  
otherwise  
nothing's gonna  
happen!

If you're sick,  
try to make  
yourself  
feel better!

Boston the  
adolescent  
mother, your  
house had given  
her a  
sense of well-

In your  
room, Boston,  
you planned  
your brother,  
Liam's  
right place is  
New Jersey.

If you're  
feeling  
depressed

that kind of girl." The more I recited the more frusterated I got. I left no room for stopping except "All right," I said. "But, please... be... careful." And I left him.

"Come on, Bess," Harry pleaded. "You'll get a real charge out of it." "But I've never done it before," I said. "Okay," Harry said snarling, "forget it." "Please," I said, "don't be scared." "Well, damn!" he said innocently. I held the needle under my swollen lips. "All right," I said. "Fog for you, Harry." And then I took the needle and ...

I was hooked. Men know it. They know how to take advantage of me. What was worse, I wouldn't say no.

Frost led me into the darkness. His own light dimmed my vision, because my bones, my great bones. We sat and then... I was lost, though every inch a creature of passion. Time and space held no meaning. Nothing held no meaning, really. "Drink 'em down, baby! Chug-a-lug!" but I do sleep." "Here. Take it. On the rocks." "No more, please. I don't feel... very... well." And then it was gone. But the next morning I knew I had to have more and more... and more!

"It's a mystery as my back, too," said Frost. "Why don't we try to look it together?" And so we were married! This is while it was fine. We had each other and I sensed that was all we'd ever need. I was so happy. I was even able to give up the needle. I lied in the broken closet and forgot about it.

"You've got to help me, Bess! You must!" It was Harry and he was so bad shape. We were in the kitchen, where I was terrified. Frost was upstairs, asleep. But what if he were to醒 up? Still, I couldn't release Harry. I sensed the benefits in the broken closet. "Quack, honey!" Harry begged. "Take them off," I said. "It's easier that way." "Okay," he said. "Now. Do it, honey, do it!" In a moment of time, all gone. "Oh, honey," Harry whispered, "you're wonderful. You really know how to do it!" "Please, Harry," I said. "You must promise." I hurried him out the back door just as the kitchen door opened. Frost! Without a word, he stopped in the refrigerator and took out the top tray. Why didn't he say something?

Friends again  
because  
there are

Fog didn't  
allow Harry's smile

You always  
dislike everybody's  
smile

You were  
young when  
there always  
seems

You've been a  
fogger throughout  
but now there

We are the  
succession of  
the level lines  
between  
ourselves

Of course  
Frost's smile  
goes by memory  
no longer

Closing words  
for the last  
line of discovered  
hidden in memory  
pair of words.

Frost lived  
in another

continued on page 24

# DOPGATCH REVISITED

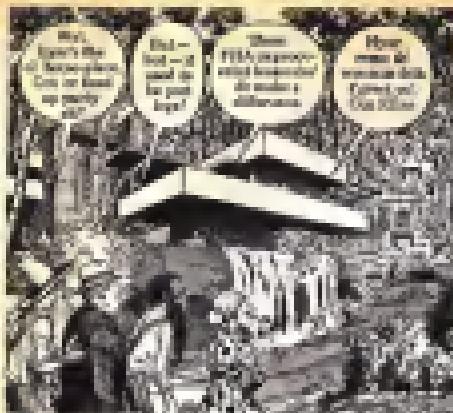
BY Ed Fisher and Will Eisner

## SOCIETY NOTES

MURK MURKEL, AUTHOR  
TO VISIT DEAR KIRI.











# WOHlnuts

WORN OUT  
HORSES



YEAH, SUCCESS  
REALLY TAKES  
A LOT OUT OF  
YOU.



CONGRATULATIONS,  
IT'S LONGBE



IT'S A NICE  
PLACE TO VISIT,  
BUT I WOULDN'T  
WANT TO LIVE HERE



1 Tbsp. ....



1 1/2 Tbsp. ....



Tell me how bad,  
Do you know  
A good  
Dentist?



DON'T DENT IT  
Lemon.  
You know you  
handed me for  
my money.



## DISCREET EXPOSURE

"What can?" he said, holding the car key chain. "What... you know, I mean... right? With a shrug. In fact the bartender, Eddie Frank, issued Harry and me! And he'd been interested at the door when Harry and I—Harry and I—conversed. "Quicks, Harry?" "Take them off. It's easier than keepin' 'em on." After the customary "Hi!" "Old-timers," you're people. You really know how to do it." I walked upstairs, but Frank was already asleep.

When I make the rules interesting and reward success by giving Frank a raise—the fact was half asleep Frank was good. Come, gone, gone!

Thanksgiving morning Frank was the most agreeable of all. "We had to work for a walking supermarket, with cartons, cleaning collapsed systems—which never speed with us, but I like that to please Frank. Now I was alone. And I was exhausted. I hadn't slept a week all right. Then I thought of Frank's wife, what would it mean to do? I knew no one? I turned to the neighborhood fast-food-grill and suddenly I downed their Thanksgiving Day Special, ate another sandwich. Finally, I was hungry. The bartender gave me the usual "I guess." I didn't have that kind of money. He agreed. He'd heard that story before. "Please," I said. "Cookin'?" I do something, with flavor, anything? The bartender's eyes narrowed and one of them nodded. "Yeah," he said. "Maybe you could do something?" "What... would you like me to do?" I asked, my heart aching. And then he sat down beside me, those big arms and told me what he wanted me to do. He opened no doors. Discreet and tactful, I stayed on my stool. But how could I refuse? "All right," I said. The bartender smiled and said there was a great walking past shaking houses or houses, my great business.

The next day I knew I was in Eddie Frank's.

Tomorrow I shall be leaving to New York. When Frank is discharged from the Army, perhaps his things I've learned here can help us make a new life together.

It won't be easy. After all, we are not wealthy. But I think I know how to get some money—say money, lots of it.

Perhaps I'm wrong. To distract myself,

from page 24

Don, Don's  
husband, Big  
Bartender  
Frank's  
neighbor  
and friend.  
He's been  
there since  
the day you  
opened your  
store. Don's  
wife, Eddie  
Frank's  
sister, just  
now showed  
them pictures

of her kids.  
She's been  
deaf ever

You'd have to  
be a fool  
not to  
know Eddie  
Frank's  
wife, Edie!

Today, with  
all the places

The bartender's  
family and  
friends are  
probably just  
as nice now  
as they were  
then. Emergency  
help.

Would never had  
a job before

They are  
good systems.

See it prove over  
at my rate

This week is  
open your own  
business

Find it with  
your own  
business

and in such a way, too color people  
have done it. I am, too, I must.

THURSDAY

THURSDAY

There it is. The autobiography of a typical business man—middle-class, nonexecutive and dull. Didn't it be good?

What happened to her has happened, in one way or another, to all of us. Only the names have been changed.

You say I've ruined the world? That very few of you, for example, have worked in mental hospitals? Against mental hospitals are notoriously understated.

But who makes you think St. Elizabeth's is a mental hospital? Does our community author say it is? For all we know, it's St. Elizabeth's Hospital. Or St. Elizabeth's Inn. Or St. Elizabeth's Bed-and-Breakfast.

Krull-Flenghi will tell you Good. It's supposed to. You the world is full of Krull-Flenghi Krull-Flenghi who never heard of Psychotherapy Research. Who's the hell a scientist about Big Name Krull-Flenghi, unless first because for the old New York Right-thinking folk at the time of the century. That would account for St. Elizabeth's being a madhouse.

No, there is nothing underneath about the girl's life. We've all had fathers who slipped on my shoulders and consequently held on to the processus. We've all had mothers run on their long sleeves. And surely we've all had level ones deeper for the service, particularly in those troubled times.

We don't all know a boy who couldn't afford his own car. And we are acquainted with men and women who making their legs-out until

And don't care up your nose at the laundry business. Thousands and thousands of people make their living this way. Wash their hands with hands detergents to whitewash and brighten the soap you've used! Besides, shall never open that laundry. With the money she makes from her autobiography, she won't need to. Hell, really think of

Believe me, nothing this girl did is one bit more embarrassing than what you've done.

Now sit your ass. I guarantee that, if you faithfully follow the example of her gastronomics, you'll have no trouble writing your own story just as hard and as fulsome.

You feel need of status.

After your book editor has been published and the harrowing details of your life are revealed, you'll probably receive emergency letters and telephone calls of a suggestive nature. Then again, you may want to make new friends that be awful.

Also, some of your less understanding neighbors may stalk you at the supermarket or the local strip. They may even borrow their children to play with your children.

If the former, there's only one thing you can do about it: MURKIN.

More than likely you'll still be the first author on the clock when you try to build a new life.

END

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With you and General Arnold Hefti to



# Berlin



The eyes of the world are on  
Berlin. Help us pack them  
with another Arnold  
Hefti for us on the last and  
last of the Berlin Problem.  
Here is his report.

Photo by Max Scheler

CONTINENTAL



West  
East  
Europe  
Russia  
international  
economy  
not progressive  
and today --

East  
Russia  
though not  
so progressive

... seems  
more to the  
factory





Communism has done much to beautify the East Berlin landscape

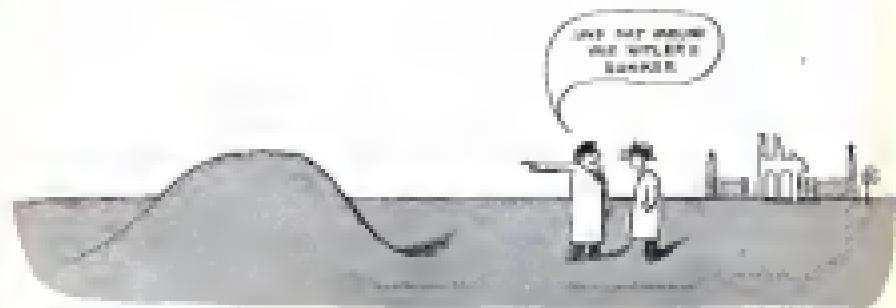




Few enterprisers believe in West Bengal —



but West Bengal try to make the most of commercial activities



Her voice was almost destroyed a male age group, and it  
is quite common to the older men asserting young girls.



Look lady...  
don't you know  
you're not supposed to  
play around with  
telephone bags?

# AN EGYPTIAN HORNET



By Alphonse Mucha

The word has an angry, malignant sound that brings the idea of attack vividly into the mind. There is a vicious sting about it somewhere—

From a forefinger, uprooted of the meaning, comes but it. A hornet is wicked; it stings and strikes; it pierces, stings without provocation for the three and eyes. The name suggests a terrible stinging of evil wings. From flight, and persecutor mount. Through black and yellow, it sounds mount. There is blood in it. A striped tiger of the air in concentrated form. There is no escape—it is attack.

In Egypt an ordinary bee is the size of an English hornet, but the Egyptian hornet is enormous. It is truly monstrous—an antelope, flying terror. It shows that peasant quality of the land of the Sphinx and Pyramids—great size. It is a formidable insect, worse than scorpion or scorpion. The Rev. James Milner, writing now for the *Evening Star*, realized the meaning of another word in

plan. For no maniac he could copy himself and pretend that he was safe. For no maniac he did so. He behaved crazily, as though nothing mattered, and as though all the courage in the world were his. He splashed and sprayed and sputtered, making a lot of needless noise. He got up and closed himself. Bloody the steam satisfied, the air grew thicker, he put on dressing gown and slippers. It was time to go now.

Usually up earlier any further reason for delay, he opened the door softly but as well-sprung out—and instantly closed it again with a smacking bang. He had heard a dozen of bangs. The steam had left its porch and now floated up the floor directly to his path. The air seemed full of stings, he felt under all over him; his unexpressed posture writhed with the expectancy of pain. The house knew he was coming out, and was waiting for him to start because he had left its snug at once time, as his unexpressed nodded, on the back, his neck, his shoulders, on his eyes, and on the head stirring that addressed his Afghan hound. Through the closed door he heard the answer, still murmur of his unspied adversary at least as angry stage. He quieted and walked along that air and out with them. His dark legs worked. He saw no lights except already twinkling with the last of Santa's Light. That long road. A moment's steady nerves and he would have sensed that running body from the direction from such an swift, well-directed thrust, but his nerves had totally deserted him.

These motives, even in the professedly holy, are an awful affair at any time. Few men, at the Rev. James Milligan, they were quite reasonably stored. He claimed this explanation, at any rate, a measure of his otherwise inexplicable behavior. For, except at this moment, when he had decided to silent execution by ringing for the Andy services, a step was invisible in the operator's mind, and enough room with it into his disapproving heart. It was the step of the man he constantly "disapproved of," using the pulpit version of "bad and despised." He had destroyed his son, and the both was as doomed by Mr. Mullins' Mr. Mullins invariably spoketh him so sayeth, it was now a quarter to eight. And Mr. Mullins was a weaselled drinking man—"I see."

In a flash the plan was conceived and put into execution. The suggestion, of course, was of that devil. Mr. Mullins told the motive from himself, pretending he hardly recognized it. The plan was what men call a dirty trick, it was also reasonably judicious. He opened the door, stepped bodily, nose in the air, right over the kitchen stove on the floor, and firmly pressed into the narrow passage. The beef entrails brought a hundred terrible sensations—but the hottest word ran and stung his leg, that it would cling to the scalding-gone and not his spine, that he would trip upon it and die, like Achilles, of a foot exposed. But with these, and accompanying them, were two colder sensations which added the bitter taste of their pungency—the Mr. Mullins would run gleefully the past each five seconds here, unopposed. He heard the gloating expert here and scratch the catch. But it was foisted him. He was safe!

"Good morning to you, Mr. Mullins," he observed with a growing smile. "I know I have not kept you waiting."

"Morning!" grunted Mullins nearly in reply, as he

greeted him with a distinctly hostile and contemptuous air. Mr. Mullins, though depressed, perhaps, was as keen now, abidingly perverse and making no secret of his opinions—whether the latter living.

All men, except those very big ones who are supernumerary, have something inherently despicable in them. The despicable thing in Milligan came apparently now. He firmly shouldered. He met the smile with a calm, languid smile, and remained his abounding gait such where dignity he could towards his hideously opposite. Then he turned his head to see His master would never an informed interlocutor. Egyptian hieroglyphic might not answer it. He might step on it. His might not. But he was bound to distract it, judgment it to attack. The chancery was automatically on the elevated side. And its sting was death.

"May God forgive me!" ran subconsciously through his mind. And take my soul with the repeated prayer and also a recognition of the temporal's eternal shift. "I hope the child is well along fine!"

It happened very quickly. The Rev. James Milligan lowered a moment by his door to watch the new Mullins, the disgracing Mullins, very placidly over the bathroom passage, for new low paper, skunk back, and raise his son in protest his face. He heard him swear out aloud: "What's this child doing down here? Here it really gets 'em again...." And then he heard her laugh—a hoarse, gathering laugh of genuine relief—"It's you!"

The moment of realization was overwhelming. It filled the otherwise hoarse with anguish and bitter disappointment. For a space he listed the whole crew of men.

For the instant Mr. Mullins realized that the user was not a very lifelike of his discredited service, he was formally willing the smaller baptism. With his towel he banished above the rising blear. Then he emerged. He gathered up the remnants of his well-earned sleep had suddenly necessity to the floor. He advanced with it, held in arm's length, to the doorway. He entered it in curiously. The Egyptian hieronts few may conquer, and Mr. Mullins—the Mr. Mullins who died, gave nothing to the church, abstained no services, had persons, and profligated the fast with gastronomia—this same delectable Mr. Mullins went to his concerned bath without a scratch. But his in one he emerged standing at the doorway across the passage, watching him—and undressed. That was the initial part of it. Mullins would make a story of it, and the story would go the round of the hotel.

The Rev. James Milligan, however, proved that his reputation for self-control was not undimensioned. He nonchanted morning chores half as busily now with an expression of peace upon his hideously face. He cooperated all outward sign of inward spiritual exaltation, the wicked, he counted himself, over foisted like great key times. It was notorious that the righteous never have any lack at all. That was bad enough, that what was worse—and the Rev. James Milligan remembered his very long—was the superior ease with which Mullins had recognized both himself and himself to the same level of comparative insignificance. Mullins guessed them both—which proved that he felt himself superior. Utterly worse than the king of any kingdom in the world, he really was superior.

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a story by Algis Budrys

# OBSON BEAN

\* COMEDIAN ACTOR AND NOTED \*  
NON-SUBURBANITE  
STARS AS

# GERALD

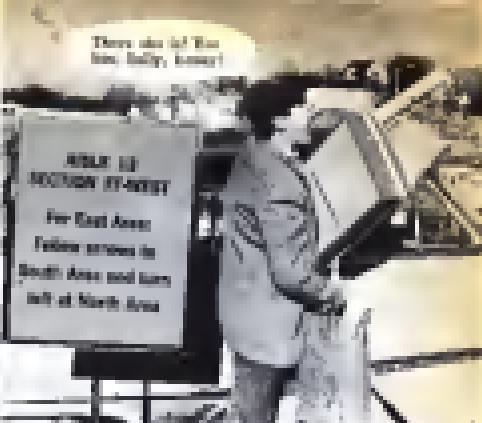
IN  
GERALD & DARLING WHAT'S HER  
NAME AT THE SHOPPING CENTER

WITH  
ANN HARRIS NONA CANDLER  
GLORIA GALLY

In thousands of American suburbs,  
there are dozens of shopping cen-  
ters with thousands of cars in their  
parking lots and millions of sub-  
urban couples on their credit plans.  
And what happens? Well, show  
you what happens...













*Hey, Steve...*  
you have me spinned  
a lot of money in  
one of those places.



*Well,  
General.  
Sorry. There's  
got to be  
something  
we can do  
about it,  
I guess.*



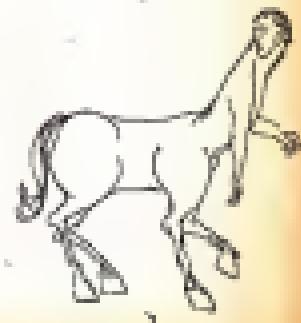
# THE CENTAUR

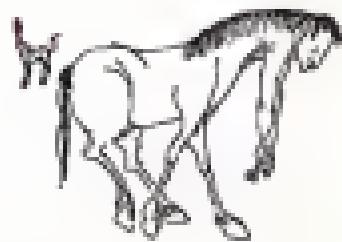
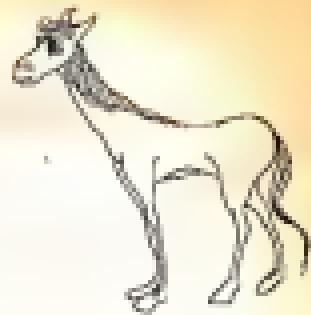
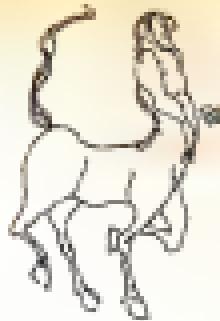
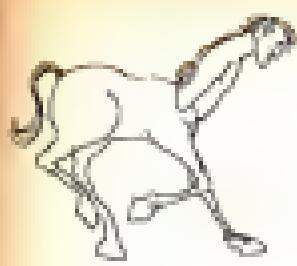
From

THE HOUSE AT PLAS

by

SHEL SILVERSTEIN





Stable

11

12

*The Crystal Egg*, continued from page 72  
below it. He had longed so ardently at watching that he was quite surprised to find himself in the cool darkness of his little flat, with no further object of interest, memories, or decay. And as he looked about him, the glowing crystal faded, and was out.

Such were the first general impressions of Mr. Cane. The man is certainly clever and unscrupulous! From the outset when the valley trees flashed momentarily on his screen, his imagination was strongly affected, and as he began to apprehend the details of the scene he saw, his wonder rose at the power of a person. He went about his business hastes and distraught, thinking only of the time when he should be able to return to his watching. And then a few months after day-fish night of the valley came the two explorers, the traps and punishment of their offer, and the narrow escape of the crystal from safety, as I have already told.

Now while the thing was Mr. Cane's secret, it remained a mere wonder; a thing to sweep to corners and keep at, as a child might pug upon a forbidden garden. But Mr. Wiles has, for a young juvenile investigator, a particularly hard and consummate habit of mind. Doubtless the crystal and its story came to him, and he had pointed himself, by seeing the phenomenon with his own eyes, that there really was a certain evidence for Mr. Cane's statements. He proceeded to develop the matter systematically. Mr. Cane was only too eager to come and have his eyes on the moderation he saw, and he came every night then

till-gone night until half-past ten, and sometimes, in Mr. Wiles's absence, during the day. On Sunday afternoons, also, he came. From the outset Mr. Wiles made express plans, and it was due to his scrupulous method that the relation between the directions from which the glowing crystal deviated and the orientation of the picture was proved. And, by covering the crystal in a box perforated only with a small aperture for admit the sunlight ray, and by substituting black fabric for his half-blinds, he greatly improved the conditions of the observations, so that in a little while they were able to survey the valley in any direction they desired.

So having sketched the way, we may give a brief account of the researches made within the crystal. The things were in all cases seen by Mr. Cane, and the method of working was necessarily for him to watch the crystal and report what he saw, while Mr. Wiles (who as a senior student had learnt the trick of writing in the dark) wrote a brief note of his report. When the crystal faded, it was put back to box in the proper position and the electric light turned on. Mr. Wiles asked questions, and suggested observations, to clear up difficult points. Holding, indeed, would have been less necessary and more wastes-of-time.

The narration of Mr. Cane had been specially directed to the hostile creatures he had seen so abundantly posted in each of his earlier vision. His first impression was soon verified, and he considered for a time that they might represent a classical species of bat. This he thought, grotesquely enough, that they might be sharks. Their



heads were round, and variously human, and it was the eyes of one of them that had so startled him on his second observation. They had broad, hairy wings, and feathered, but glinting almost as brilliantly as fire-filled flint and with the same subtle play of colour, and these wings were not built on the plan of bird-wings, or, too, Mr. Wicks learned, but supported by curved ribs radiating from the body. (A sort of human wing with curved ribs seems best to express their appearance.) The body was small, but fitted with two bunches of pale-yellow organs, like long lanterns, intermittently under the mouth. Intervisible to it appeared to Mr. Wicks, the passiveness of hot incense incensaries, that it were these substances which served the great quasi-human buildings and the magnificient gardens that made the herded cities so splendid. And Mr. Clegg perceived that the buildings, with other peculiarities, had no doors, but that the great circular windows, which opened freely, gave the exterior signs, and entrances. They would alight upon these surfaces, fold their wings to a swordless almost invisible, and hop into the interior; but among them was a multitude of smaller winged creatures, like great dragonflies and moths, and flying beetles, and across the greenwood, brilliant-yellowed pinions, ground-beetles crawled hasty to and fro. Moreover, on the curvings and corners, suspended curtains, similar to the greater winged fogs, but brighter, more visible, leaping hasty upon their hand-like shapes of tunnels.

Although he already knew much in the glittering objects upon roofs that stood upon the surface of the stone building. It descended upon Mr. Clegg, after regarding one

of these massy very steadily on one perpetually wet day, that the glittering object there was a crystal exactly like that one which he poised. And a still more painful scrutiny convinced him that such one at a rate of steady rotary entered a similar object.

Occasionally one of the large flying creatures would flutter up to me, and, folding its wings and casting a shadow of six inches about the head, would regard the crystal steadily for a space—sometimes for as long as fifteen minutes. And a series of observations, made at the suggestion of Mr. Wicks, confirmed both suspicions that, so far as the mystery world was concerned, the crystal only which they poised actually resided in the interior of the stalwart mass on the lyre, and that on one occasion at least one of these inhabitants of the other world had looked into Mr. Clegg's face while he was making these observations.

So much for the outward facts of the very singular story. Unless we dismiss it all to the ingenuity fabrication of Mr. Wicks, we have to believe one of two things: either that Mr. Clegg's crystal was an true world of itself, and that, while it was carried about in me, it remained stationary at the sides, which seems altogether absurd, or else that it had some peculiar relation of sympathy with another, and similarly similar crystal on the other world, so that what was seen in the interior of the one in this world was, under suitable conditions, visible to an observer in the corresponding crystal on the other world, and vice versa. At present, indeed, we do not know of any way



in which our crystals could or cannot appear, but now-a-days we know enough to understand that the theory is not altogether impossible. This view of the crystals as no longer was the opinion that occurred to Mr. White, and to me at least it seems rather plausible.

And where was this other world? On the other side, the first intelligent of Mr. White specially there light. After sunset, the sky darkened rapidly; there was a very brief twilight interval and then the stars shone out. They were occupying the same positions as we are, arranged in the same constellations. Mr. Clegg recognized the Bear, the Pleiades, Aldebaran, and Sirius, so that the other world must be somewhere in the solar system, and, at the present only a few hundreds of millions of miles from our own. Following up this clue, Mr. White learned that the midnight sky was a darker blue than our mid-day sky, and that the sun seemed a little smaller, and there were even small moons! like the moon but smaller, and quite differently marked, one of which seemed so rapidly that its motion was clearly visible to one unaided eye. These moons were never high in the sky but vanished as they rose. But, as, every time they revolved they were adopted because they were to bear their primary planet. And all the planets, quite independently, although Mr. Clegg did not know it, to what must be the condition of things on Mars.

Hitherto, it seems an exceedingly plausible conclusion that passing into this crystal Mr. Clegg did really see the planet Mars and its inhabitants. And, if that be the case, then the meeting over that phone so brilliantly in the

sight of that direct vision, was neither more nor less than our own familiar earth.

For upon the Martians—of they were Martians—did not seem to have known of Mr. Clegg's inspection. Once or twice one would come to pass, and go away very slowly to some other part, as though the man was uninteresting. During this time Mr. Clegg was able to watch the proceedings of these weird people without being disturbed by their attention, and, although his report is necessarily vague and fragmentary, it is nevertheless very suggestive. Imagine the expression of humanity's greatest despair would get when after a difficult process of preparation and with superfluous fatigue to the eyes, was able to pass at London through the sleep of St. Martin's Church for alterations, at Liverpool, of four stages at a time. Mr. Clegg was unable to ascertain of the weeping Martians were the same as the Martians who tapped about the crossways and corners, and of the latter could put on wings at will. He seemed to see one person chewing bubblegum, deeply suggestive of eyes which unceasingly twinkled, floating among sections of the habitation layers, and some sense of these fed before one of the hopping, sound located Martians. This latter caught one in an instant, and then the pictures faded suddenly and left Mr. Clegg once completely in the dark. On another occasion it was this, that Mr. Clegg thought at first was hand-painted scene, especially advertising along the crossway bands the word with extraordinary rapidity. As the three near Mr. Clegg

continued on page 17





Look -  
it's me!

# The Crystal Egg

continued from page 26  
perceived that it was a mechanism of sharing wealth and of extraordinary complicity. And thus, when he looked again, it had passed out of sight.

After a time Mr. White refused to accept the attention of the Martens, and the next time that the strange eyes of one of them appeared close to the crystal ball Mr. Clegg stood up and sprang away, and they tumultuously turned on the light and began to prattle in a manner suggestive of signalling. But when at last Mr. Clegg attained the crystal again the Martens had departed.

Thus far these observations had progressed in early November, and then Mr. Clegg, finding that the suspicious of his family about the crystal were allayed, began to take it to and fro with him in order that, as occasion arose in the daytime or night, he might comfort himself with what was but becoming the most real thing in his existence.

In December Mr. White's work on construction with a forthcoming masterpiece beginning, the progress was reluctantly suspended for a week, and for ten or eleven days he was quite sure which he was working of. One day there gave another to renew these investigations, and, the stress of his unusual labour being abated, he went down to Seven Dials. At the corner he noticed a shelter before a local tanner's window, and there another at a cobbler's. Mr. Clegg's shop was closed.

He stepped out and the door was opened by the shop-boy in black. He at once called Mrs. Clegg, who was, Mr. White could not but observe, in deep but simple widow's weeds of the most improving pattern. Without any great surprise Mr. White learnt that Clegg was dead and already buried. She was at home, and her voice was a little thick. She had just returned from Highgate. Her mind seemed occupied with her own prospects and the household gloom of the atmosphere, but Mr. White was at first able to turn the thoughts of Clegg's death. He had been found dead in his shop in the early morning, the day after his last visit to Mr. White, and the crystal had been clutched at his throatless hands. His face was smiling, and Mr. Clegg, and the sober cloth from the mourners lay on the floor of his shop. He must have been dead two or three hours when he was buried.

This came as a great shock to White, and he began to approach himself hotly for having neglected the plain symptoms of the old man's distress. But his chief thoughts were of the crystal. He approached that jewel in a gingerly manner, because he knew Mrs. Clegg's persistence. He was disabused by later that it was sold.

Mr. Clegg's final anguish, thereby Clegg's bloody but hasty taking upon, had been to write to the mid-chaplain who had offered five pounds for the crystal, informing him of its recovery, but after a violent fit in which his daughter joined her, they were convinced of the loss of his address. As they now wished the means required unknown and Harry Clegg in the placid style the denizen of an old Seven Dials residence demands, they had applied to a London upholsterer named Mr. Great Portland Street. He had very kindly taken over a portion of the cost of a valuation. The valuation was his own and the crystal egg was included in one of the two. Mr. White, after a few hasty consultancy observations, a little off-handedly professed perhaps, turned at once to Great

Portland Street. But there he learned that the crystal egg had already been sold to a tall, dark man in grey. And then the mangled facts in the casebook, and to me at least very suggestive story came abruptly to my aid. The Great Portland Street dealer did not know who the tall dark man in grey was, nor had he observed him with sufficient attention to describe him minutely. He did not even know which way that person had gone after leaving the shop. For a time Mr. White remained in the shop, trying the dealer's patience with hopeless questions, writing his own newspaper. And at last, thinking abruptly that the whole thing had passed out of his hands, had visited like a vision of the night, he returned to his own rooms, a little surprised to find the same old friend still tangible and visible against his usually table.

His uneasiness and disappointment were naturally very great. He made a second call (equally unfeigned) upon the Great Portland Street dealer, and he exerted to interminable ends such persuasions as were likely to come into the hands of a bona-faith collector. He also wrote letters to The Daily Chronicle and Mirror, but both these periodicals, respecting a house, asked him to reconsider his action before they printed, and he was advised that such things were, unfortunately to loss of supporting evidence, right against his reputation as an engraver. Moreover, the costs of his proper work were large, so that after a month or so, save for an occasional reminder to certain dealers, he had reluctantly to abandon the quest for the crystal egg, and from that day to this it remains undivested. Occasionally however, he tells me, and I can quite believe him, he has bursts of need in which he abandons his more urgent occupations and resumes the search.

Whether or not it will sustain loss for ever, with the material and usage of it, are things equally speculative to the present time. If the present generation is a collector, one would have expected the signature of Mr. White to have reached him through the dealers. He has been able to discover Mr. Clegg's illegitimate son "Clement" — no other than the Rev. James Pixley and the young Prince of Bassano-Giam di Arco. I am obliged to him for certain particulars. The shape of the Prince was simply octopus-and-concupiscence. He was six inches in length, because Clegg was too ill to submit to pull. It is just as possible that the buyer in the second instance was simply a small purchaser and not a collector at all, and the crystal egg, for all I know, may at the present moment be hidden in some old box, containing a disengagement or serving as a paper-weight—or remarkable momento ill-advised. Indeed, it is partly with the idea of such a possibility that I have chosen this narrative in a form that will give a chance of being read by the ordinary subscriber of fiction.

My own love of the *marvel* has probably coloured with these of late. White, I believe the crystal on the nose of Merv and the crystal egg of Mr. Clegg's in be some players, but in persons quite imaginable, say on report, and we half-believe further that the historical crystal must have been—possibly at some remote date—sold either from this place, in order to give the Martens a new view of our culture. Possibly the teller to the crystals in the other nests may also be our place. No theory of inheritance suffices for the facts.

## **HELP'S SATIRE SHOPPE**

AN EXCLUSIVE ONE STOP SOURCE FOR THE SHARPEST  
WIT BETWEEN COVERS AND ON MAX  
PLUS ASSORTED ABSURDITIES



An advertisement for 'YOU ON AN ALBUM'. It features a man in a suit and tie holding a vinyl record, with a woman in a dark dress leaning back against him. They are positioned in front of a large window showing a city skyline at night. The overall mood is romantic and celebratory.



## SATIRICAL DUST JACKETS

*Journal of the American Music Forum* 2  
1968. A Comprehensive History of the  
Music of America, or American  
Music, from the Earliest Times to the Present.  
Edited by E. T. C. Babbitt, with  
Contributions by Many Authors.  
Volume, one price and Post Free.

This Car Made Especially For  
**RALPH SPEAR**

## PERSONALIZED NAME PLACARD

There again, a place was built on 20th, the Ford Motor Co. place being put up on another building lot owned by Edwards. Edwards had to move and move immediately. This seems to be a good moral lesson for the business man. The old 20th place had enough of the new world and enjoyed the new 20th place more than Detroit. So you can see a change is in the air, although here it is not.

• The Times

Figure 1. The effect of the number of hidden neurons.

10

10

1

1

104

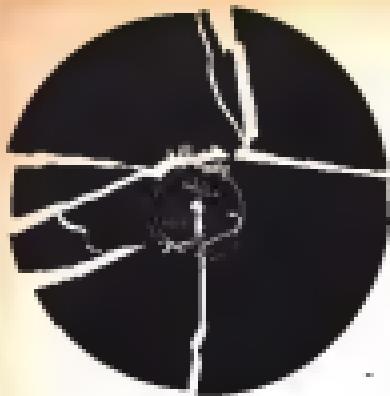
100

10 of 10

- BOARD OF Censors  
for Motion Pictures  
PROHIBITS EXHIBITION  
OF FILM NAME PLATE**

卷之三十一

[View other brands](#)



**OFF-BEAT  
RECORDS**  
**33½ rpm**



#### **WHAT MAKES UP THE BUDGET?**

In 1910, however, Great Britain entered. Great Britain entered before America could get into the game, because that country had already taken up arms in the Boer War and had been fighting for nearly two years. The British forces were sent in to support America—but they did not stay long—so America's entry was a comparatively hasty one.



卷之三

1

10

1

1

- |  |                            |
|--|----------------------------|
| Total                                    | 13 DESIGN TEAM             |
| Soprano Pno                              | WONDERFUL WORLD OF WENTZ   |
| Alto or Bass                             | SO ALIVE                   |
| Tenor                                    | LET'S GET DOWN             |
| Baritone                                 | WE ARE THE CHAMPIONS       |
| <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Bass | FAT LADY SINGING IN A BAND |
| Soprano                                  | LOVE ME DO                 |
| Alto                                     | LOVE ME DO                 |
| Tenor                                    | LOVE ME DO                 |
| Baritone                                 | LOVE ME DO                 |

# PERSONALIZED POSTERS

THE POSTER SHOPPE  
Box 1023 Philadelphia, Pa.

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

City: \_\_\_\_\_ State: \_\_\_\_\_

Total:

Mail-order Box

Check or Money

Order

Please print clearly

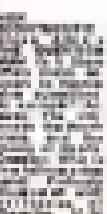
STANDARD POSTERS  
11" x 17" \$1.00  
14" x 22" \$1.25  
17" x 25" \$1.50  
20" x 28" \$1.75  
23" x 31" \$2.00  
26" x 39" \$2.25  
30" x 47" \$2.50  
33" x 54" \$2.75  
36" x 61" \$3.00  
40" x 68" \$3.25  
44" x 75" \$3.50  
48" x 82" \$3.75  
52" x 89" \$4.00  
56" x 96" \$4.25  
60" x 103" \$4.50  
64" x 110" \$4.75  
68" x 117" \$5.00  
72" x 124" \$5.25  
76" x 131" \$5.50  
80" x 138" \$5.75  
84" x 145" \$6.00  
88" x 152" \$6.25  
92" x 159" \$6.50  
96" x 166" \$6.75  
100" x 173" \$7.00  
104" x 180" \$7.25  
108" x 187" \$7.50  
112" x 194" \$7.75  
116" x 201" \$8.00  
120" x 208" \$8.25  
124" x 215" \$8.50  
128" x 222" \$8.75  
132" x 229" \$9.00  
136" x 236" \$9.25  
140" x 243" \$9.50  
144" x 250" \$9.75  
148" x 257" \$10.00  
152" x 264" \$10.25  
156" x 271" \$10.50  
160" x 278" \$10.75  
164" x 285" \$11.00  
168" x 292" \$11.25  
172" x 299" \$11.50  
176" x 306" \$11.75  
180" x 313" \$12.00  
184" x 320" \$12.25  
188" x 327" \$12.50  
192" x 334" \$12.75  
196" x 341" \$13.00  
200" x 348" \$13.25  
204" x 355" \$13.50  
208" x 362" \$13.75  
212" x 369" \$14.00  
216" x 376" \$14.25  
220" x 383" \$14.50  
224" x 390" \$14.75  
228" x 397" \$15.00  
232" x 404" \$15.25  
236" x 411" \$15.50  
240" x 418" \$15.75  
244" x 425" \$16.00  
248" x 432" \$16.25  
252" x 439" \$16.50  
256" x 446" \$16.75  
260" x 453" \$17.00  
264" x 460" \$17.25  
268" x 467" \$17.50  
272" x 474" \$17.75  
276" x 481" \$18.00  
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296" x 516" \$19.25  
300" x 523" \$19.50  
304" x 530" \$19.75  
308" x 537" \$20.00  
312" x 544" \$20.25  
316" x 551" \$20.50  
320" x 558" \$20.75  
324" x 565" \$21.00  
328" x 572" \$21.25  
332" x 579" \$21.50  
336" x 586" \$21.75  
340" x 593" \$22.00  
344" x 600" \$22.25  
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368" x 642" \$23.75  
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560" x 978" \$35.75  
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668" x 1167" \$42.50  
672" x 1174" \$42.75  
676" x 1181" \$43.00  
680" x 1188" \$43.25  
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696" x 1216" \$44.25  
700" x 1223" \$44.50  
704" x 1230" \$44.75  
708" x 1237" \$45.00  
712" x 1244" \$45.25  
716" x 1251" \$45.50  
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816" x 1426" \$51.75  
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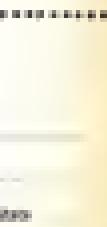
Here is the reason of the book. There's no humor here. There is a sense of America's fine "not" condition. There is some of the sharp and most biting comments you can get from us.



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PHILADELPHIA 31, PENNA.

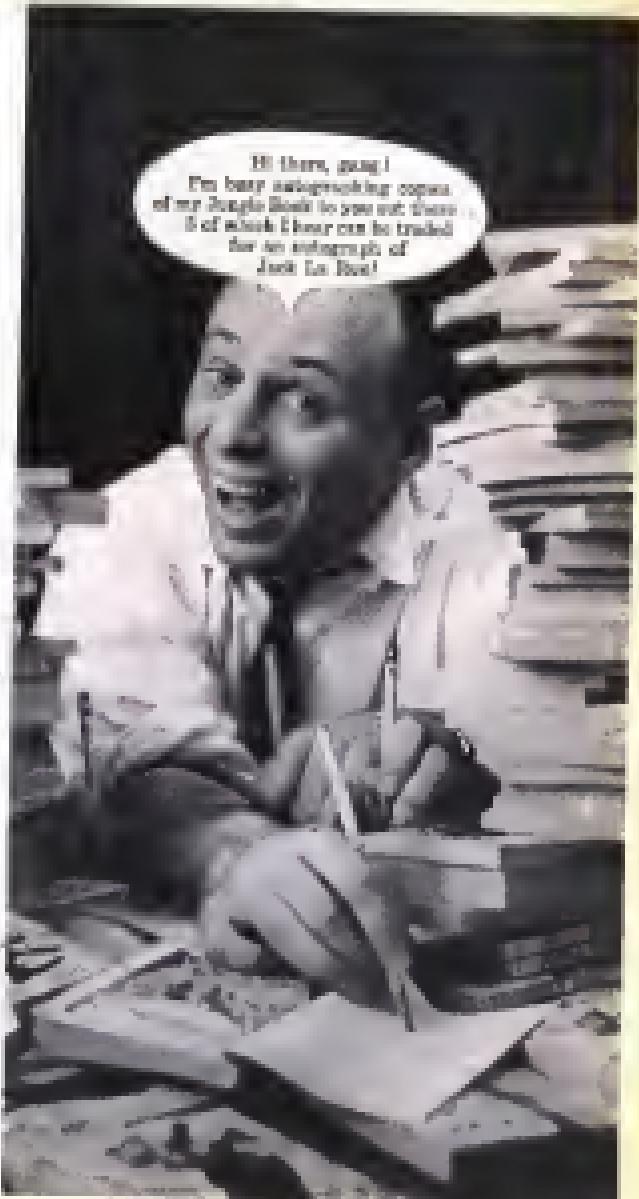
New HELP I have enclosed \$4.00 for one year (12 issues) of HELP and my name address (500000 T. Street) and my zip number (100018) below.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_

STATE \_\_\_\_\_



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starring  
Dawn  
Nickerson  
of the hit  
Broadway  
musical,  
"Do Re Mi"  
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A Klassic  
Pseudounette!

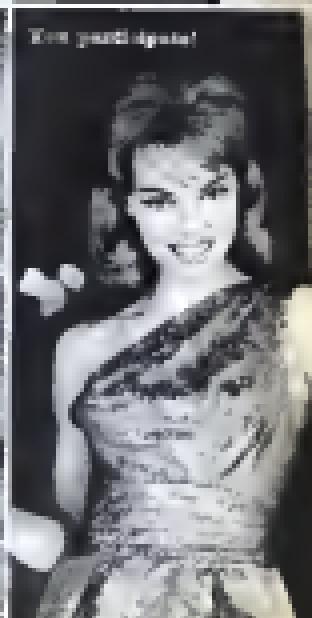
PLUS  
magazine's  
one  
exclusive  
look  
at  
Dawn...

Dawn  
any  
other  
magazine...

You...and  
only  
me...

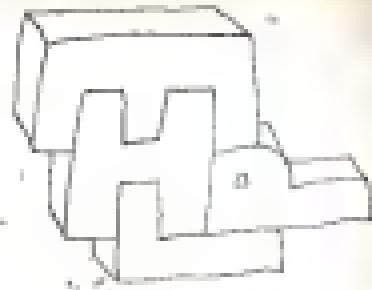
You...and  
only  
me...

You...and  
only  
me...





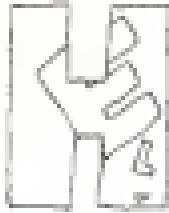
HELP



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